IRONTON, : : : MISSOURL

FROM THE ENDS OF THE ROAD

I can see a country highway where the lazy cattle browse
On the dew-wet roadside herbage, and along behind the cows
Lolls a freekied little urchin with an alder switch, and he's
Sieshing leaves from off the bushes; and the signifing country browse. the giggling country breeze
Lifts his curis up from a forehead that's
as smooth as smooth can be,
And there's something in the urchin that
reminds me some of me.

Guess it's me all right; and Brindle ambles slowly on before,
And Old Pied and old Brown Betsy, all
the cattle known of yore,
And I know the idle switching of the bushes by the way Shows a discontented spirit in the me

yesterday; , e me of then is longing for the ways 'twas mine to gain But the me of now is fretting for the old-

Oh, the me of then knew nothing of the things of which I dreamed.

And the city called me, called me, and all things were what they seemed;

But the me here in the city with his hair grown thin and gray

Knows each thing of which he's longing.

ev'ry path of yesterday.

Which one is the least contented that me boy who longed of yore.

Or the man whose years have brought him ev'rything he hankered for?

-J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post. ********

THE PASSING OF ZILK.

The Result of a One-Sided Duel. BY MABEL H. BROWN.

"WE all have our weaknesses, I reckon," Simpson was saying, with an easy drawl. "Zilk boasted of his, and most of us keep mum. Zilk confessed his sins even before he committed them. Sometimes I think he was bluffing Dowly all the time and didn't mean to have things come to a finish. Anyway, he wasn't a bad sort of chap, was he?"

That was Simpson to a T. If he couldn't say much good of a man he wouldn't say evil. I remember reading somewhere once that a man who is a friend of all men is the friend of none. My moralizer goes on to say that a man with strong likes must perforce have strong dislikes or be a weakling. His aim is to prove that a man incapable of intense hatred is incapable of intense love as well.

Simpson was a weakling according to this. Hatred was as foreign to his nature as craftiness is to the soul of a nun. He was an easy-going, indolent chap, but there wasn't a man in Creeker's camp who wouldn't have vouched for him to the last drop of gin in Skelter's bar, which was a pretty good pledge in the old days.

And Zilk? Zilk was a man after my moralist's own heart. He could hate with a hatred that would have inspired a Poe and driven a Kempis to despair. He was as true an example of impulse run riot as I ever expect to see. He was a great fine animal to look atmuscular, brawny and natural in every gesture. Whatever his faults, deceit was not one of them: he was as frank with his vices as we were with our good points. Zilk didn't pose as a professional bad man; he didn't pose as anything, in fact, for he seemed to think he was entitled to live without giving an account of himself or of his

The first tenter who asked him where he hailed from got a stare that sent him back several paces.

"What's it to you?" asked Zilk. "I'm from Nowhere and I'm bound for the same place." But the next instant he reached out and put a detaining hand on the fellow's shoulder. "Look here, pard," he said, "I'm from Hobbe's bottom, if you must know, and as for my movings. I seem to have struck oil just about here. Back in the country I come from its dangerous to ask questions, for the fellows ain't trained up to lying. They'd rather use a gun than an excuse."

"No offense meant," said Simpson, for it was he; and then to square things he invited the new-comer to share a bunk in his tent.

"It's a go." Zilk said, and I may as well state now that he rewarded Simpson's generosity as well as he could. He left him two blankets, a goodly supply of tobacco and the best pipe that had been in the camp for a score of

A little later Zilk confessed, or rather boasted, that he had been driven out of his last stopping place at the muzzle of a six-shooter for conduct unbecoming a humanitarian.

"Just fights," he said, "fights all the I'd rather fight than eat, but I like a real one with something in the stake. I'd rather kill Jim Dowly than do 'most anything-and I will

some day, when I go back." Jim Dowly was only a name to us. We hadn't an idea who he was, and didn't try to find out until one night at Skelter's. The mugs had been around three tmes and the pipes were

getting empty. "Who's Jim Dowly?" asked Bob Rounds, suddenly. Zilk didn't show fight, but answered civilly enough.

"He's an Irish dog. He's the lowest cuss God ever made, I reckon, except

me, and I'm not a shade worse." "What's your quarrel?" Rounds went on, and to our surprise Zilk leaned back

didn't know. in his seat and grew reminiscent. I was a slender chap at the time, and He had pale brown eyes that looked supposed to have a tendency was yellow under his tawny lashes. He toward consumption. Zilk put his opened them wide now, and I noticed hand on my shoulder, and his grip something akin to tenderness in their made me wince.

expression. "I was in love once, fellows," he

There was no rough outbreak in the circle. For one reason we wanted the story, and for another, the miner, rough as he is, has a good deal of respect for things feminine and likes to

"She was a little sliver of a thing," Zilk went on, "and about as pretty as I asked, recklessly. "There is the girl they make 'em, I reckon. Of course, to think of; you'll break her heart if she couldn't care for a great hulk of a vou kill him."

My shot sped home. Zilk's facbody asked her to. I wosn't hanging went white, and the same tender look around there just to make her tired of came into his eyes that I had noticed living. I suppose she might have before. thought some of trying to reform me "I ain't after breaking her heart," he said, softly. "But do you think a if she had known, but I didn't ask her to take the job. I knew there wasn't

any reform in me, and even if I had

been reformed down to the ground, I

wouldn't have been good enough for

her. I didn't pester her once with any

all of me, and my muscles got so soft

from stand-idle they were almost flab-

me hate Jim, but just his pure cussed

ness. Sometimes, though, I feel as if

I'd be lonesome if I really did take a

drop on him, I've got so used to finting

"What's he got to do with the girl?"

Bob asked, gingerly. We expected

was evidently perfectly willing to go

"He's married to her." he said

"The devil!" Bob exclaimed. Every

"He's married to her." Zilk repeat-

ed, "and it all happened because I

didn't kill him, when it was plainly up

to me to do it. There's a time for all

things in this world, and the man who

Simpson moved uneasily in his seat,

asked, with a tinge of disapproval in

Zilk smiled, "I'm still laving for

him," he said, "and the day he breaks

the little kid's heart is the day I put

a hole in his. That's all. I just want-

Zilk smiled again. "You'll under-

stand later," he said; and we did, for

Jim Dowly came to the camp next

Ike Simpson, general philanthropist

side of Zilk. I like the man, and be

but when he came I avoided him as

would the pest, and prayed inwardly

that Zilk would't learn he was in the

camp. The news was out the next

even load his gun, which disappointed

me somewhat. Afterward I learned

that he never unloaded the critter ex-

killing with as much vim as the aver-

play fair with him. We knew that he

duty. Officers of a mining camp are

I couldn't describe her just as Zilk

saw her, that I draw back from the

was Jim Dowly's wife, a dull-looking

mountain girl, rugged, healthy and or-

dinary. And Zilk had put her up on

a pedestal, and had thought her worlds

too good for him. Maybe she was.

That wasn't the question we were

They had been married only a short

time, Zilk said, and he didn't know

why they had come to the camp. He

seemed to avoid them, on the whole.

I thought he had discarded all

thoughts of vengeance, until one night

when I saw him sitting at the door of

the tent ramming resh cartridges in-

to his revolver; he seemed to be

"I'm going to cut across the pass,"

he said. I followed him at a distance.

I was not exactly a tenderfoot, even

in those days, but I had something of

the preacher in my nature, and it was

liable to crop out at inopportune mo-

What in the devil did Zilk want to

kill Jim Dowly for, I asked myself.

Zilk was a first-rate fellow and an or-

nament to the camp, and the girl

wasn't worth it. Here he was getting

ready to throw up his best chance in

life, and his soul along with it, for

a scamp who wasn't worth the powder

he would waste on him. I quickened

my pace as my argument got the bet-

ter of me, and overtook my man be-

fore he had made the first turn toward

"Well?" he asked, laconically.
"What's up, Zlik?" I said, just as if

"I'm going to do the only decen

thing I ever did in my life," he said,

"and I shan't need any company to

I stepped back, sheepishly. "Oh, I

abruptly-something in his eyes made

me wonder what he meant and just

what was his definition of decency,

"What did you change the loads for?"

-" I began, and stopped

changing them for mere sport.

ments.

the pass

help me out."

called upon to decide.

not very strong on preventing crime.

cent on provocation.

Zilk took it calmly; he didn't

ed you follows to know."

'What for?" asked Bob.

"You're still laying for him, eh?" he

slips his chance has to pay for it."

man in the group started. Zilk had

through his cross-examination.

little kid---"

asked Bob.

him.

gruffly

his tone.

week.

day

end that way.

Zilk looked up.

Zilk stopped abruptly.

man like that could make her happy He'll be good to her for a while, and then-Why, it aint in a man of that kind to do the square thing by a dog, much less a woman." "But she doesn't know that," I broke

news of me and my feelings, only I used to watch for her sometimes, and in, warily. "She trusts him now, and would talk a little. I would stand it isn't what a man is that makes a away out along the trail till her pony woman happy; it's what he is to her. came by-then I'd go back to the camp and think. Thinking is good for a felslowly, and for the first time realized

low when he gets sentimental. It's a just how much the man cared. darned sight better than talking. That I turned my back for a moment and slip of a girl kept me pretty straight tried to collect my thoughts, then for a time, only she didn't know it. "Let's go back to camp, Zilk," I The rum tent could have gone dry for

Zilk looked me over and laughed,

with a tinge of sarcasm in his tone. by. It was a queer thing the way that "Do you think I came out on this trip with my mind only half made up, and that I was waiting for you to "Where does Jim Dowly come in?" come and tell me what to do?" he asked. I kicked a stone reflectively, and Zilk went on. "You haven't lived "Dowly?" he said, musingly, as if it overmuch and you don't understand were an effort to get the girl out of his mind, "Dowly? Lord! I must some things, that's all. I've never

had much hankering for pondering have been born hating him! At any out fine points myself, and I don't look rate, we had a fend so long back that for reasons for things. There are some I've forgotten how the thing started. engagements that a fellow has to keep, It was nt the feud, anyway, that made and this is one of them." His tone was bantering. I began to

feel reassured.

"You might take me along," I suggested. He acquiesced, and was silent until we reached the pass. I noticed then that he was growing nervous. He

some objections, but none came. Zilk turned to me suddenly. "Did you ever do a thing without knowing exactly why, and because something—you didn't know what just made you do it?" he asked.

I nodded my head, although I did not remember having had such an experience. I wanted the man to trust spoiled our story; we didn't want it to me, and I knew that I had to appear sympathetic.

"Well, that's the reason I'm going to-to shoot Jim Dowly," he said. "You are going to do what?" I asked, blankly.

"Oh, you needn't be harrowing your soul about aiding in a murder." he went on; "It's going to be a fair and square fight. I've warned him, and he can choose his own gun. The world's too small for us two, Chet, that's all there is to it. Maybe be won't come, but I rather think he will. He knows I won't warn him but once.'

Dowly came. He was there with five escorts when we arrived, and Zilk had a second only by accident. Dowly stood in the center of the group as i he expected Zilk to get the drop on him, and did not face about until the latter was close at his elbow. "Gentlemen-" began one of the

and friend of tramps, took me into his five, but Zilk waved him aside. "We don't want any of that palaver, tent the next day, and I bunked alonghe said, and turned to Dowry. came his partisan. I even found my-

"Why did you bring all this rabble?" self plotting the taking off of Dowly, he asked. "Weren't you man enough as deliberately as if he had been my to come alone?" own particular enemy instead of Zilk's;

Dowly did not answer; one of his companions spoke up instead: "He wanted witnesses for one thing, and for another, we came to reason with you. You have no cause to fight this man; he says you are the better shot of the two-that you have never been known to miss your mark. Do you think a man wants to walk out to be murdered?"

it's a strange thing, but the habitues "It all depends on his taste," Zilk of a rough mining camp hanker for a

His reply seemed to puzzle the men. age rancher hankers for a legitimate They gathered together anew for a confuneral. Then, after the killing is sultation, and in the interval that folover, they will get in and legislate for lowed Zilk took his place. justice with a new supply of vim, or

"Are you ready, Jim?" he said in string the culprit up if he happens to as even a tone as he might have used be unpopular. Zilk had taken us into to a friend, "Will some one count?" his confidence and we were pledged to he went on, turning to the group. The counting was uneven, for wasn't a man to use his dirk in the men were sill conferring. Dowly was

dark, and we didn't put any guards on game, however, and stepped into place. The two did not fire at the same time. I could have sworn that Zilk The girl Zilk loved? I suppose she fired first; they seemed too close toought to be described somewhere, but gether for either to miss, and yet Zilk I've always been so disappointed that was the one to fall. The witnesses were still arguing to call off the affair when I caught him and took his retask. Zilk wasn't a keen judge of volver. One look at the loads told the feminine beauty; he hadn't known story.

many to compare her with. To him she was beautiful. To us? Well, she

shells.

I handed it to Dowly.
"Blank cartridges," I said, simply You have shot an unarmed man." Dowly accepted the weapon with reuctance and dropped out one of the

"Now, what in thunder-" he be gan, and then, "Good Lord, I wonder

I put my hand on Zilk's heart before answered "I think he knew it all right," I said

-San Francisco Argonaut.

PRESIDENT WAS A TAILOR. Daughter of Andrew Johnson Sen Back a Cloak That Didn't

One of the retired business men of Washington narrates an experience with Mrs. Stover, a daughter of President Andrew Johnson, who resided at the white house during the presidency of her father, says the New York Trib

une. He says: "Mrs. Stover came to my store and bought a stylish cloak of the then modern pattern, the price of which was \$75. She had it sent to the white house and charged to President John-

son's account. "About one week later she sent the cloak back, and as we had not received cash for it we were obliged to take it.

afterward when she visited the store I asked her what was the cause of her thing in a long time.-Albany Argus. dissatisfaction with the cloak and she

"'I was satisfied with it, but papa was not. He said that the cloth was ferior and the price too high. Now, Record. it is useless for you to argue with me about it, for I don't know anything about it. If you want to argue about it, go to the white house and see papa. He was a tailor, you know, and he can

talk shop to you all right." Had to Come Across. Guest-Waiter, bring me a tiptop dinner. You know what that means

don't you? Waiter-Yes, sah. It's one that you top off with a tip.-The Smart Set-

THE ROOSEVELT PLATFORM UNJUST DISCRIMINATIONS. What the Chicago Declaration Means When Translated Into Plain,

Everyday English The real republican platform is a translated by the St. Louis Republic:

"We are the Grand Old Party. We long as we are comfortable, which we are, thank you; and we want to stay where we are, because it pays.

"We strenuously assert and insist that everything everywhere is all right and that everybody is satisfied. We are perfectly satisfied with ourselves and are unable to see that anything we have ever done is wrong. We are unable to view with anything but alarm anything which any other party under any circumstances whatever would do. 'Prosperity' is good enough for us, and the people may go to.

"There are no issues in this campaign. There is no trust question. The trusts are just as good as they can be and Mr. Roosevelt says that they are very good. We like them ourselves, at any rate; which means at any rate of duty. Speaking of the tar iff, incidentally, we are its friends and especially is it our friend. We would no more think of revising it than of knocking the bottom out of our campaign barrels. In fact, we will notno, not while Pierpont lunches with the president. Clipping the schedules would be like cutting coupons green. Let the 'good things' run on and ripen -is our motto; and it is for us to judge of what are and what are not good things.

"Somebody has said something about a boodle issue, but we ask the people to forget it. If the g. o. p. can forgive its own offenders, surely the least the people can do is to forget. The most the people can do-well, we don't like to contemplate that. We love the people, of course, but we are terribly afraid of them.

"We love the black people more than we do the whites. We love them so much just before election that we invite them to lunch. The rest of the time the southern people can feed them

"We indorse everything Mr. Rooseveit has done. We don't like to, but we are compelled to. We shall argue that he is 'sane' and 'safe'-but our plan is to change the subject as soon as possible.

'The constitution is a very old-fashioned document and doesn't compare to Mr. Roosevelt's ideas of government. It should never be allowed to stand in his way. After all, what is the constitution between friends-the friends of protection, of monopoly and imperialism?

"Speaking of imperialism-ours is a great government, but it is nothing to what it will be when Mr. Roosevelt gets through with it. Imperialism among other things is a good excuse for blowing ourselves. It means new offices and will help the organization The organization will help itself. We believe in government of the organization, by the organization and especially for the organization.

"Having thus put everything beyond all question, we call upon the people to stand by us. We hope they will not interrupt our era of prosperity. believe with Lincoln that you can fool some of the people all of the time and all of the people some of the time. We should like to fool all of the people all of the time, but, realizing the impossibility of this, we shall be content to fool a majority of the people one more time."

WHY PARKER WAS SILENT. lief demanded.

Acted as Did the Democratic

Judge Parker held a high judicial office which separated him from party controversy, and when his nomination for the presidency was suggested he clearly made up his mind that he was der the oaks at Jackson, Mich., to celeprecluded from any personal effortor ex- brate the fiftleth anniversary of the pression on his own part either to help | hirth of the republican party where its or hinder the result.

this unexampled and unpractical atti- a clear field for his lavish eulogy; but tude was an offense to the practical Mr. Hay is an old-school newspaper politicians on all sides, who professed to see in it merely an evidence of cowardice or of colorlessness, and insist- paid puff. Candidate Fairbanks was ed that the candidate should be made to speak out. The firmness with which in every way fit for the highest place Judge Parker nevertneless adhered to his deliberate convictions of propriety. Roosevelt attended he might have said in the face of irritation and even of something in his strenuous way about insult, showed a high ethical standard | Fremont, whose name is not even menand a moral courage scarcely less than that so forcibly displayed later when ings. Fremont, "the Pathfinder," was the time to speak had come. The oc- a popular idol, the first republican cancasion chosen for his message to the didate for the presidency, as Rooseveit convention was in absolutely logical is the last. Without Fremont there accord with his previous silence. Before he was nominated, he had no retary Hay and no Roosevelt. A name opinion to express upon the convention's action; when he was made its have been forgotten. candidate, he spoke with no uncertain sound, giving the convention opportunity to reconsider its action if dissatis-

SHORT AND TO THE POINT.

-Wherever our platform is silent, the country can rely upon our candidate, and where our candidate is silent, the country can depend upon our platform. -Houston Post.

- Democratic confidence is an appreciable stable quality this year. It's going to be easy to beat the First Citizen of Oyster Bay if everybody keeps moving.-N. Y. Daily News.

-Depew denies that he likened the "Mrs. Stover gave no explanation Roosevelt-Fairbanks ticket to "a bunch of her course then, but a short time of firecrackers and a long stick of damp punk." But he hasn't said a better

-In the case of Judge Parker the office seeks the man. In that of President Roosevelt it has been a relentless and not altogether scrupulous hunt of not of the best, the workmanship in- the man for the place.-Philadelphia

-The universal admiration evoked by Judge Parker's courage is another proof of the accuracy of Hosea Biglow's statement that the people "du like a man thet sin't afeard."—Providence Journal.

Secretary Shaw says that wages have kept pace with prices. The man who has to work to keep the dinner pail ull can prove by his own experience that Secretary Shaw is talking for votes, not telling the truth. - The

Violations of Law Which Breed Monopolies to the Direct Loss

of the Farmer. Judge Gaynor, of New York, stated short document and runs as follows, as | it as his belief that rebates and secret rate cutting to favored shippers has led to the creation of trusts and comare called a grand old fraud, the same bines and that if the law was amended being obvious; but we don't mind so to punish these discriminations the trusts would be curbed. Perhaps Judge Gaynor is a little too sanguine of the effect that putting all shippers by the railroads, be they great or small, on the same footing would have, but there is no doubt that taking from the trusts and combines the discriminations by the railways in their favor would abolish one of their great monopolies.

> matter which trunk line carries his wheat or corn to the seaboard, or whether it eventually reaches New York or other city on the Atlantic, or some port on the gulf of Mexico. The interest of the farmer ceases when he has sold his grain to the buyer at the mearest railway station. But it does make a vast difference to him, if he ships a carload of grain, or cattle, or hogs to Chicash or elsewhere, that the freight rate charged him shall be no more than to the elevator company or the big cattle buyer. It is also of the utmost importance to the farmer that he should have an equal opportunity in being furnished cars like other shippers, in fact that no discrimination in rates or opportunity shall be made against him.

To the farmer of the west it does not

As nearly all the railways are interstate corporations, it is necessary that federal legislation should be enacted to give the interstate commerce commission power to punish railway officials who disobey the law. The present law, as amended by the Elkins bill, makes it a misdemeanor on the part of any person or corporation "to offer, grant or give, or to solicit, accept or receive any rebate, concession or discrimination in respect of the transportation of any property in interstate or foreign commerce at a less rate than that named in the tariffs published and filed."

But the law does not provide for a way to punish the lawless railway official and is therefore secretly, and often openly, violated with impunity. The republican majority in congress has always refused to vote for an amendment to the law giving the interstate commerce commission the necessary power, though the democrats have time and again proposed such an amendment. The same opposition from the republicans prevented the monopoly breeding protective tariff from being revised, though the democrats have struggled to reform it, but every republican in congress has stood like a stone wall against even reducing the tariff on those products of the trusts that they sell cheaper abroad than here.

Republican candidates for congress and senators may declaim upon the stump and make promises that they will favor reasonable revision or tariff rates. but their voices show they had no such honest intention. Some of them seek shelter under the plea that in a caucus of republican members of congress the majority decided to "stand pat" they had to keep within party lines. That is an ancient dodge at Washington for the trusts and corporations always have a majority of the republican members ready to do their bidding.

If the farmers will pass resolutions at their granges or clubs, demanding a pledge from the candidates for congress to regard party lines less and declaring that otherwise they will vote and work against such candidates' election there would surely be a majority in the next congress that would pass the re-

Only a High-Minded Man Could Have THE MICHIGAN LOVE FEAST It Showed Once More That the Average Republican Is Devoid of

All Finer Feelings.

Candidate Roosevelt made a mistake in not attending the mass meeting unfirst state convention was held. Prob-The Philadelphia Ledger (Ind.) says ably he desired to give Secretary Hay man and would not have been deterred by false modesty from publishing his present and was eulogized as "a man in the nation"-absit omen! Had Mr tioned in the reports of the proceedwould have been no Lincoln and no Secso important to the party should not

New York Town Topics makes the pertinent observation that all the speakers seemed paralyzed by the thought that the work of the republican party has been accomplished in 50 years, with in the memory of living men. Formed to settle the negro question, yet the negro question is more unsettled and more threatening than ever. Its original mission ended by emancipation, the republican party then revived the whig theory of a protection tariff. In 50 years it has debauched the judiciary, made congress the tool of the bosses, twice usurped the government, destroyed our mercantile marine, disorganized our finances and indulged in reckless extravagances. After recent republican administrations the democracy has been obliged to come to the rescue of the country and restore a sane and safe policy. In 50 years the republican party has had only two presidents to whom it can point with pride-Lincoln and McKinley-and both were assassinated by madmen. Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Benjamin Harrison were not mentioned at the Michigan love-feast, and you never hear their names at any republican gathering. Oblivion alone can save them from the impartial verdiet of posterity when the record of 50 years is reviewed.

-Agricultural reports indicate that the grape crop this year will be the largest in the country's history. Now, step up, Gen. Grosvenor, and claim credit for the republican party for placing appendicitis within the reach of the humblest citizen. - Washington Post An Insane Bird.

I saw a bird temporarily insane once believe, I had been wandering over after an unsuccessful pheasant hunt. Seeing a big red-headed woodpecker on Marlin at him, and knocked him down. Going to pick him up, I saw the bird forts to reach him. I finally succeedwas the matter until after wringing his neck I examined him, and found that so to speak.-Forest and Stream. meet friends. Hotel accommodations

Retributive Justice.

"Howdy do, Eben?" saluted the will be quite ample. Squam Corners storekeeper, addressng Farmer Grayneck, who was driving slowly by. "What kind of hens was them that you got from the chicken fancier in the city last week?"

"Macduffs," replied the honest agriculturist, halting his team and wait didn't want the boys to know their ing in joyous anticipation for the chance to spring his little joke.
"H'm! That's a funny name. Why

ire they called Macduffs? "Because they-haw, haw!-always

lav on." And then the farmer's long-suffering

horses suddenly bolted and ran wildly down the village street, upsetting the wagon and throwing their master out on a mass of jagged rocks. His back was broken and he died soon after in awful agony amid the huzzas of all the by-standers .- N. Y. Journal.

An Under-Sen Tunnel. The Italians are considering plans for the construction of a double tunnel, about two miles in length, between the toe of Italy and the island of Sicily. The tunnel is to run under the straits of Messina, not far from the site of Seylla and Charybdis, the rocks and the whirlpool, which were so dreaded by ancient mariners. It was at first proposed that a bridge be thrown across the straits, but it was thought that this would be too much exposed to the ance Association of Buffalo, N.Y., winds, which are occasionally violent between the opposing mountains of Sicily on one side and Calabria on the other.-N. Y. Sun. On the Frontier.

Effendi Bey-Hush! "Did you hear it?" "Yes; what was it?" "It sounded to me like swish, swish, swish. "It sounded to me like creak, creak, reak."

Mustapha Bey-Harki

"Ha! I have it!" "So have I." "It is the stiffly starched skirts of the Grecian army crossing over the frontier

line." Deeler.

A Minute Lamp.

Physicians occasionally use, for the ourpose of illuminating parts of the interior of the body, a delicate electrilamp, called the "pea lamp," because its little glass bulb resembles a small pea in size, being only one-quarter of an inch in diameter. It is, nevertheless, a complete incandescent lamp, having a carbon film one-eighth of an inch long, and about one-two-thousandth of an inch in diameter .- N. Y. Sun.

As Good as Married. First Sailor—No, Bill, yer don't really know what life is till yer git spliced. Second Sailor-Wy, shiver me timbers, messmate! I've never been married, true, but I've had yaller fever and cholera, I've been frostbit, drowned, burned alive, cat by a shark, blowed up at sea and operated on for cancer. Wot more does a reasonable chap want?-

London Answers. An Ancient Back. The bark True Love, built in Philadelphia in 1764, has been found upon search to be yet affoat, in the capacity of a coal hulk on the river Thames at London, engaged in active trade at the age of 133 years. This dis covery was made through a casualty recorded in the Maritime Exchange.-Al-

bany Argus. Unavoidable.

Mrs. Thompkins-You really must est another corner in the office, my dear, f it's so cold where you sit now. Mr. Thompkins-That wouldn't any good, love; the whole office is cold. You see, the new typewriter is from Boston.-N. Y. Tribune.

Canada's Attraction The Dominion Exhibition is one the beaches on the Wenatchie Divide that attracts bundreds of thouseness each year. This year it will be held in Winnipeg Manitoba (Canada), and yellow pine I let go my 22-caliber with the material assistance given it by the Dominion Government, it will be one of the most successful ever climb the tree from the ground, and held. Besides the number of special when he was about ten feet up he begas attractions that will be offered, there to peck as fast as he could, and to will be brought together an exhibit screech like the deuce at the same time. of the Agricultural and Industrial re-He paid no attention to me, but kept on sources of Canada such as is rarely pecking and screeching, in spite of my attempted by any country. Visitors will be there in large numbers from ed in getting him, but he still pecked the United States, owing to the low and screeched. I couldn't imagine what rates offered by railways, connecting with the Canadian roads. It is expected that Hon. Clifford Sefton, Min the bullet had simply scraped the skull, ister of the interior, will be there producing, I suppose, concussion of the on the opening day to declare the ex-brain at first and a temporary insanity, hibition open. A splendid opportunity will be afforded by this exhibition to

The Family Record.

Father-"Where's the Bible? It used to be in the parlor on the center table. Mother-"Oh, it hasn't been kep! there since the girls grew up. They ages."-Cleveland Leader.



of the Young Woman's Temperstrongly advises all suffering women to rely, as she did, upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MES. PINKHAM: - Your medicine is indeed an ideal woman's medicine, and by far the best I know to restore lost health and strength. I suffered misery for several years, being troubled with menorrhagia. My back ached, I had bearing-down pains and frequent headaches. I would often wake from restful sleep, and in such pain that I suffered for hours before I could go to sleep again. I dreaded the long nights as much as the weary days. I consulted two different physicians, beging to get relief but finding that "That's what," - Cleveland Plain I tried your Vegetable Compound their medicine did not seem to cure recommendation of a friend from the East who was visiting me.

I am glad that I followed her advice, for every ache and pain is gone, and not only this, but my general health is much improved. I have a fine appetite and have gained in flesh. My earnest advice to suffering women is to put aside all other medic to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-table Compound." — MISS NELLIE Hot.MES, 540 No. Division St., Buffalo, N.Y.-52000 forfest if origina lof above letter prou-ting genuineness cannot be produced.



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